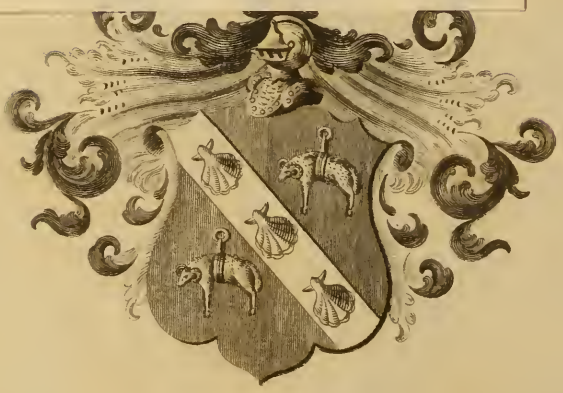
PS
1593
.E83M4

MEMENTOS OF FAST DAYS AND YEARS.

C. E. ELY.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

Class PS 1893
Book .E83M4



H. Abbotson
Mary D Abbotson
Sept 22 - 79 -

Mary D. Watson.
from her friend
C. E. Eddy

MEMENTOS

OF

PAST DAYS AND YEARS.

By C. E. ELY.

Thus I live my childhood o'er,
Call up friends long gone before,
And the days already past
Seem as real as the last.

PHILADELPHIA:
H. N. McKINNEY & CO.
1874.

PS1593
.E83M4

By Exchange

Hamilton College

APR 8 1940

SHERMAN & CO., PRINTERS.

Contents.

PAGE

Zenelasie; or, Love and Duty, ... 9
Lines addressed to a Brother, ... 18
The Silver Wedding, ... 21
To the Oak Tree before the Door, ... 22
To Estelle, ... 24, 26, 28
To C. E. E., ... 25, 27
To a Bereaved Mother, ... 29
To the Children of my Niece, ... 30
Lines addressed to an Absent Nephew, ... 31
To my Æolian Harp, ... 32
To Mrs. A. E. B., ... 33
Nellie's Bird, ... 34
On the Burning of two Presbyterian Churches, ... 35
On Visiting an Aged Christian Friend, ... 36
The Disappointment, ... 37
Home of my Sires, ... 38
Passing Thoughts, ... 39
To Mr. and Mrs. R. M., ... 40
To the Memory of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, ... 41
The Pine-Root Fence, ... 42
In Memoriam of N. J. H., ... 44
The New Turkish Chair, ... 46
The Tin Wedding, ... 47
To my Nieces at the Seashore, ... 49

PAGE

The Irish Girl's Lament, ... 50
Gratitude, ... 52
"Original," 53
Reply to the above, ... 54
Patience, ... 55
The Deathless Tie, ... 56
To Rev. W. D. and Wife, ... 57
To Mrs. M. Whiting, ... 58
Africa, ... 59
My Last Resting-Place, ... 60
Our Spring Blossom, ... 61
"The Iris," 62
On Receiving a few Plants, ... 63
To Colonel and Mrs. O. Ely, ... 65
The Pansies, ... 66
To Rev. P. L. and Lady, ... 67
The Album, ... 68
The Autumnal Bouquet, ... 70
The Garden, ... 71
The Trailing Arbutus, ... 72
Merry Christmas, ... 74
Petition of the Wax Flowers—Response—Reply of the Flowers, 75
Lines Written by J. H. C., ... 77
Response to J. H. C., ... 79
On the Death of Abraham Lincoln, ... 80
Description of a Lithograph, ... 82
The Coronation of Winter, ... 84
On the Interment of the Remains of W. W., ... 86
On Receiving a Photograph of our Grandfather, ... 88
On the Death of a Mother, ... 90
My Sables, ... 92
To the "Count," 93
The Cinnamon Rose, ... 95
Ode to Winter, ... 97
The Linnet and her Rival, ... 99

"It is not until we get into age that we feel by how slight a tenure we hold on to the memory of those that come after us, and not till then that we are conscious of an earnest desire to brighten the links of the chain that binds us to those who have gone before, and to keep it fast and strong."

For this reason the writer of these Mementos, and "Daughters of the Hour," has embodied them in this little volume, not for their intrinsic worth, or for the eye of a critical public, but as a trifling tribute to personal friends and acquaintances, from one who thus seeks to lengthen out the memory of past days and years, as well as her own.

Gratefully Dedicated

TO THE

BROTHER AND SISTER IN WHOSE FAMILY I HAVE FOR MANY YEARS

ENJOYED A PLEASANT HOME,

AND

WHO ENCOURAGE THIS TRIBUTE TO FRIENDSHIP

BY TAKING UPON THEMSELVES

ITS PUBLICATION.

Mementos.

Zenelasie,

OR, LOVE AND DUTY.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, there still resided in the vicinity of Norwich, Conn., the remnant of a once powerful tribe of Indians. Diminished in number, and oppressed by a sense of degradation, they were like the melancholy remnants of a fallen race.

Civilization had excluded them from the forest, their original empire, and awakened new wants which they were inadequate to meet. It had introduced them to the white man's comforts without teaching them the industry by which they are purchased.

It had led them into vices which destroyed their original strength, thus sacrificing the virtues of their savage state, without the advantages of a civilized one, and striking as it were on Scylla and Charybdis made shipwreck of all.

Many might still be found in whose hearts gratitude, hospitality and inviolable faith, the ancient characteristics of their race, was not extinguished. But over the greater part hung the cloud of intemperance, indolence and mental degradation.

Yet strange as it may seem, amid all, they retained strong traits of national pride. In the gravity and dignity of brow which the better sort assumed might be traced a lingering remnant of the creed of their ancestors, that the red man was formed before his white brethren, and of better clay.

The females were more readily initiated into the habits of civilized life. They were uniformly industrious, and grateful for any trifling favor. They were likewise the physicians of their tribe, disregarding toil and labor in searching for medicinal plants and roots.

To soothe the agony of pain was a victory their hearts highly prized. Their knowledge of aperients and cathartics was extensive, their antidotes to poisons esteemed powerful, and their skill in the healing of wounds was justly esteemed in time of war. Such were the females in their best estate of the once powerful tribe of the Mohegans.

The pastor of this tribe was Rev. Samson Occom, the first pupil of Rev. E. Wheelock, afterwards President of Dartmouth College.

One morning, Mr. Occom and Robert Onslow, the minister and chieftain of the tribe, were announced to a lady who for many years had been a benefactress of their race. "I come," said the former, "to take leave of you, and in the name of my nation, who depart with me, to thank you for your continued kindness. A large part of them have consented to accompany me to a tract of land given them by their brethren of the Oneida tribe, on the condition of their removing thither, and cultivating it. They are degenerate plants, but the shadows of their ancestors. I wish to associate their broken spirits with others less degraded. Peradventure the Almighty upon this humble foundation may build a temple to his praise."

On the following Sabbath Mr. Occom preached his farewell discourse, founded on the division of the land to the tribes of Israel. The following day all the Mohegans were assembled on the banks of the river. There lay the boats prepared to convey them to their distant abode. It had been concerted that a parting hymn should be sung, as a signal for departure.

There were sorrowful countenances, solemn partings, and mutual good wishes. Then from the emigrants, about two hundred in number, rose the voice of melody. Among them was the lofty warrior Ontologan, who thus left behind him his beautiful and affianced Zenelasie, whose praises we would commemorate. From the shore the response swelled fitfully, and in its cadence were the voices of those that wept.

"Connecticut Forty Years Since."

By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

"And the ancient arrow-maker
Turn'd again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself and saying,
Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learn'd to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,

Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With a flute of reeds, a stranger,
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger."

HIAWATHA.

MURMUR not, old arrow-maker,
That thy daughter leaves thy side,
Cleaving unto Hiawatha,
Making him a bonnie bride.

Spare thy sweeping accusation
Of the daughters of the land,
Of the loving and the loved ones
Choosing oft a stranger's hand.

Didst thou not once pipe thy sweetest,
Deck thyself with plumage gay,
Then with steps the fleetest, lightest,
To the lake pursue thy way,

Seek the home of Mahnahbezee,
Linger oft about the shore,
Where the Swan adorn'd the water,
Till she sought that lake no more?

Else there'd been no Minnehaha,
Other youthful heart to bless,
Loving more fair Hiawatha,
Not the arrow-maker less.

Didst thou not, with magic wisdom,
Then form arrow, bow and dart,
Fix'd with various combinations,
Making wiles for woman's heart?

Yet not all who've felt such weapon
Have been lured to leave their home,
Though proud chieftain threw the arrow
And the mark was fairly won?

Hear me speak of Ontologan,
Young, and beautiful, and brave,
Of a noble, proud Mohegan,
Fleeing far, his race to save.

When he left his home and country
To avoid the white man's shade,
Drew aside young Zenelasie,
And in softest accents said:

"Come with me, dear Zenelasie,
Let me lead thee to the shore,
Then our way will surely prosper,
Tho' we see this land no more.

"Though our fathers' graves forsaken
Are by white men trodden o'er,
Go with me,—the Mighty Spirit
Blesses wedlock true and pure.

"All the world will I be to thee,
Guard thee kindly by the way,
Make an awning of a deerskin,
Guarding thee from sun and spray."

"Tempt me not, dear Ontologan,
I'm a mother's only child:—
She is sick, and should I leave her,
Would she not with grief grow wild?

"Should I leave her, she must famish,
For who else would raise her corn?
Who would seek the roots that ease her,
Or console the heart forlorn?

"Nay, the spirit of my father
Would be moved by her moans,
And his frown my soul would wither,
Should he hear my mother's groans.

"Tempt me not, then, Ontologan,
For thy voice is to my ear
Sweeter than the birds' rich music
When they greet the day-dawn clear.

"Though my eye betray my weakness
And my heart to thee belong,
Yet my mother now doth languish,
While *thy arm* is firm and strong.

"Thou canst use thy weapons wisely,
For thyself provide with ease."—
"And for thee!—dear Zenelasie,
Thee alone 'tis life to please.

"Yes, thou shalt sustain thy mother,
And for both I will provide;
I will scour the field and forest,
And *remain*, to bless my bride."

"Nay!" replied the noble maiden,
"Chiefs and warriors have thy word;
Be not false then for a woman,
Tho' she hath thy name adored.

"Can I see, son of Lodonto,
Scornful fingers point at thee?
Can I hear men call thee soulless,
Sinking thus for love of me?

"Go then, where are wider waters,
Where the mountains higher tower,
Let thy name rank with the bravest,
Where the red man is in power."

"Ah, but whither shall we wander
Where no white man's voice is heard?
On the mountain is he sovereign,
In the valley is he fear'd.

"If we dive beneath the waters,
Ere we rise his ships pass o'er,
Yea, we fear it hath been written,
Soon shall red men be no more.

"Yet the soul of Ontologan
Bows not at the stern decree;
He will go to distant regions,
Where the brave ones still are free.

"Where the ancient noble spirit
Of his parted, humbled race,
Still may glory in their prowess,
Still may find a resting-place.

"Ontologan shall be honor'd,
Crown'd with glory, and with fame;
Not a son of bold Lodonto
But shall bear an honor'd name.

"When thy mother hath departed,
Sleeps, where waking is unknown,
Ontologan then will take thee,
Zenelasie, to his home."

"Nay, I cannot hear thee speak thus,
She shall be my constant care;—
Farewell warrior!"—said the maiden,
Casting off her gloomy air.

"I will search o'er hill and meadow
For the plants that health bestow,
Make her wigwam as it should be,
Bright and cheerful with love's glow.

"Who can tell but she may strengthen,
Rise, as storm-bent willows rise?
Yea, she may with spirit mournful
Weep where Zenelasie lies.

"Ah but now the time doth hasten,
Little longer canst thou stay;—
Soon thy noble form will vanish,
Soon thy oars bear thee away.

"I will watch thy boat each moment,
None need point it out to me;—
When 'tis lost, conceal'd by distance,
Where shall Zenelasie flee?

"Prostate on the earth she'll bow her,
With her face low in the dust,
Giving up her heart to weeping,
As at times a maiden must.

"But for woman's tears, brave chieftain,
Heed them not, nor turn aside;
Think upon our Fathers' prowess,
Of their fame, renown, and pride.

"True to vows thy lips have utter'd
Go, and win a peerless name;
Go, to save our parted people,
Firmly stifle hopeless flame.

"First and last in my petition
Ontologan's name shall be,
Though the mountains lie between us,
And the surges of the sea."

Then was heard the voice of Occum,
Full, with mingled joy and woe,
Speaking words that reach'd to heaven;—
Few such partings ever know.

When he ceased, no word was spoken,
Ev'ry pledged one left the shore;
Sweet the voice of signal token,*
Richest music filled the air.

Slowly now the bark's receding
Echo softly dies away;
One by one the crowd departing—
Zenelasie, last to stay.

---

* Singing of a hymn.

O'er her head she wrapp'd her mantle,
  Sacred was the maiden's grief;
Like a roe her feet then hasted
  To a place to seek relief.

To her mother's home she hied her,
  Yet she dared not speak her woe,
Dared not e'en to light her burden
  Where a child should freely go.

But she roll'd it on a stronger
  Than a fellow-creature's arm,
Then to *duty* soon applied her,—
  'Twas her rainbow through the storm.

Long I've spoken, arrow-maker,
  For my heart was in my theme;—
Was this not a noble warfare?
  For my story is no dream.

Lines addressed to a Brother,

WHO STILL RESIDED IN THE OLD HOME, ON SEEING A PRESSED COLUMBINE, OR ROCK LILY, FROM CHESTER.

OH sweet remembrancer of early days,
My childhood's play-grounds, and my childhood's plays.
This little flatten'd, dried-up thing
Doth cause a thousand thoughts to spring.
Association's magic train
Recalls my youth;—I'm child again;
I see a school-house, just as when
I learn'd to read, and use my pen,
And near at hand a *rock unique*,
Where children oft play'd "Hide and Seek;"
It tower'd above a village green,
On which a humble church was seen,
And did a prospect fine command
Of neighboring towns and river grand.
How oft we toil'd the scene to view,
And not a friend but here we drew;
We thought to climb upon this mount,
And find of happiness the fount;
We saw a valley passing sweet,
But happiness *lay at our feet;*
Coy maiden, with her face so fair,
She ever 'scapes from where you are,
But whispers with her voice so sweet,
I am not far,—we sure shall meet.

That same old rock;—it stands there now,
Save that a chisel's marr'd its brow;
The fissures where they used to be,
Where oft we found the "Rock Lily."
A pleasure to the heart it brought
That's woven to the very spot.
And now I tread the granite o'er
And each old cavity explore.

Dear Mary—now almost I see
My precious friend oft there with me;
I find the spot,—the very seat
We deem'd a sofa, quite complete.
For there at times we brought our book,
And conn'd our lessons in that nook;—
Whether in garden, nook, or tree,
No happier children then than we.
But Mary dear hath long been dead,
Her children now stand in her stead;
Their faces oft I've long'd to see,
But this will never, never be.

Tenacious mem'ry, now retrace
Some other features of the place.
Within the school-house, near a rill,
Just at the foot of that rough hill,
An hundred children ofttimes met
In the old place they'll ne'er forget.
Dear playmates;—how they rise to view,
How quick their hist'ry I pursue;
I call them out, almost as well
As when we used to "choose and spell."

One that stood first among us all
Was doom'd the very first to fall;
Others, the first then in our eyes,
Were those in future life to rise.
One seeks the helm of state to sway,
But oh, how strange,—he's turning gray.
A younger student comes to mind,
One that was noble, learn'd, refined;—
He taught the youthful mind to expand,
And guided well, with skilful hand,
His mind; enveloped in a cloud,
He sought beneath the waves a shroud;
A city mourn'd, with moisten'd eye—
Those of his playmates were not dry.
Some now perform the pastor's part,
And some are skill'd in healing art;—
Most of them active business men,
With faces longer now than then.
Most of them!—truly did I say?
No, death hath many snatch'd away.
Some now are scatter'd o'er the land,
For more, a marble now doth stand;
The tablets on yon hill can say
The name, the age;—and *pass'd away.*
Full oft these scenes, of which I write,
Return again in dreams by night,
And oft I visit, on my bed,
The places where I ne'er shall tread,
And wake to find another race
Already there, to fill our place.

The Silver Wedding.

TO MR. AND MRS. C. M.

HARK!—the silver bells are ringing,
Precious mem'ries sweetly bringing,
As they form a pleasant chime,
Ringing out the notes of time.
Five and twenty years, they say,
Since we saw your bridal day;—
Since those solemn vows were taken
Which these years have never shaken;
While the unbroken silver cord
Speaks the mercies of the Lord.
Each of each more knows the worth
Than when first they pledged their troth;—
Each to each have faults discover'd,
Which by love lie deeply cover'd.
You have had your shade and sun
Since this journey was begun;
Time hath swiftly pass'd away,
Leaving footprints on the clay.
Though upon the western slope,
Yet your hearts are fresh with hope,
While the mercies of the Lord,
Ye most gratefully record,
And fresh incense now are bringing
While the silver bells are ringing.

ON returning from a ride with a young friend the writer took up the *Broome Republican* and read the following Ode, "To the Oak Tree," over the *nom de plume* of "Estelle."

It pleased her, and led to the desire to know the locality, as well as the author; this was expressed in a few hasty lines and left upon the desk without further thought until they were seen in the next number of the *Republican*, where our playful guest had taken them. The correspondence so unintentionally commenced was carried on a few weeks, with mutual interest, although we never met.

C. E. E.

To the Oak Tree before the Door.

HOW many years hast thou seen, old oak,
With thy spreading arms so wide?
Hast thou heard the axe, with its sounding stroke,
Ere our woods were freed from the English yoke,
Cut thy fellows from thy side?

What tales hast thou in thy prime to tell
Of thy first young sapling days?
When the forest winds, with their chiming swell,
Were heard in place of "the church-going bell,"
With their many-toned voices of praise.

And thou wert suffered untouch'd to grow
Till the stately mansion rose,
Thy shade o'er the cultured flowers to throw,
Where often perchance the hunter's bow
Was drawn at the red man's foes.

Hast thou seen how the Susquehanna flow'd
Through a wild and wilderness vale,

Ere civilized man in these haunts abode,
Or the horseman bold the swift charger rode,
  Which snuff'd up the scented gale?

Hast thou look'd upon bright Chenango's face,
  As its tribute waves it cast,
Fair Susquehanna's tide to grace,
And run with it in its rapid race
  While the bark canoe shot past?

And hast thou mark'd through the lonely wood
  How the hand of art came in,
And the town sprang up where the wigwam stood,
And peopled anew the solitude,
  And alter'd the savage scene?

All this, and more, thou hast seen, old tree,
  In thy life of uncounted years;
A hundred pounds would not purchase thee
From the place where thou standest, firm and free,
  The place which thy shade endears.

Thy branches spread to the east and west,
  To the setting and rising sun;
Thou break'st the north wind's force with thy breast,
And hidest the robin's south wind nest,
  And thy work is never done.

But thou stand'st here in thy strength *alone*,
  For no other oak is near;
Young locusts of late have around thee grown,
And blossoms have on rich fruit-trees blown,
  And thy fruit has crown'd the year.

Yet still art thou more prized than all,
With thy spreading arms so wide,
And head uprising, straight and tall,
And green leaves golden ere they fall,
The forest's wealth and pride.

ESTELLE.

To Estelle.

ON the broad sunny landscape stands many an oak,
But where is the one of which Estelle spoke?
Its wide-spreading branches, pray where can I see?
I long to sit under thine ancient broad tree.

Yet thine "oak tree" alone is not all I would view,
But the maiden who under its broad branches grew.
Do the Muses abide in such time-honor'd trees,
And whisper their message with each fanning breeze?

Is thy tree the abode of the sweet tuneful "Nine?"
Do the leaves form their bower, like a rich royal shrine?
Oh tell me, I pray thee, that I may repair,
And watch ev'ry zephyr that blesses the air.

Can the ear greet the sound of their rich golden lyre?
Then fain would I listen to their fairy choir;
I would watch for the notes, tho' my ear be but dull,
I would watch for the thrill on the ear of the soul.

And fain would I under its shadow abide,
On the light wings of fancy triumphantly ride;
But a partner I'd take, who has oft soar'd before,—
The maid of "the Oak" by the side of the door.

C. E. E.

To C. E. E.

WHO is it that asks of the old oak tree?
And where is the poet whose questioning strain
Comes back like the voice of an echo to me,
On the sweet soothing music of soft summer rain?

The gate swings full often beneath the green shade
Of the oak which stands fast in its own native bed,
And Æolus his harp has a century play'd
In the branches which over the fairy scene spread.

If thou wouldst sit under this ancient broad tree,
Pursue not the Muses, nor seek for their shrine,
But watch where the Graces assemble in glee,
In the form of fair maidens, surpassing the "Nine."

Look where the white fence is conceal'd from the eye
By the richly clad boughs, with their clustering leaves;
But such there are many, and thou wilt pass by
Underneath it, nor know that its shadow deceives.

And thou wouldst move carelessly on if Estelle,
So unlike thy *ideal*, should meet thee by chance;
But she grew not beside the Oak tree, so farewell,
She waits not to catch from the poet a glance.

ESTELLE.

BINGHAMTON, August 5th.

To Estelle.

MANY thanks to Estelle that a "questioning strain"
Touch'd the chords of her lyre, and awoke it again;
Thy echo to echo, with harmony fraught,
Reverberates sweetly like music of thought.

By the side of a cot a rich vine you may see,
That e'en might embellish thy regal old tree,
And "Flora" her treasures with odor so sweet,
Endears to the writer a pleasant retreat.

The "Graces" she seeks are the graces of mind,
And in thy response her ideal doth find;
'Twas this that thy tree with rich charms did invest,
For this will she seek it above all the rest.

But the poet "was rear'd not beside its rich shade;"
A blank shall I feel should I e'er tread the glade;
The Muses I'll seek not in thy oaken tree,
They follow thy footsteps wherever they be.

Yet e'en were they there, and as coy as "Estelle,"
As ready to whisper a hasty farewell,
To them, as to thee, I might now say adieu,
With thanks for a pleasure unsought for, but true.

C. E. E.

BINGHAMTON, August 12th.

To E. E. E.

WE part not thus;—I know thee now,
I know thee for a genuine child of song,
And thou shalt win a garland for thy brow,
Green as the "Vine," and as the "Oak tree" strong.

Youth's bloom and freshness breathe upon thy lays,
No wither'd leaves of life are clinging there;—
I love the votive off'ring of thy praise,
Which comes as freely as the mountain air.

Leave "Vine" and "Oak,"—they have perform'd their part,
With silent voice, unconscious of their power
To spread a sympathy from heart to heart,
And bring to light *the valley's sweetest flower.*

Kind friend, I'll not forget thee! oft again,
When straying far away from this sweet spot,
And weary of the world's gay glittering train,
My thoughts shall circle round the poet's "cot."

ESTELLE.

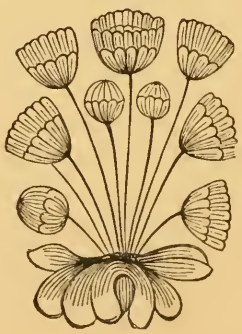
To Estelle.

THOU say'st that thou know'st, while thy song doth betray
That strangers are we to this very day :—
No youth hath thy friend, save the youth of the heart,
And from this would she hope that she never may part.

But the heart still hath youth, and by sympathy still
Is the soul yet alive ;—thy words strike a thrill.
No garlands she seeks for her brow to receive,
Thy praise is a laurel more pleasure doth give.

Yet still are we strangers ;—I would we were not,—
But thanks for the hope thou wilt think of our "cot,"
When weary of fashion, and sick of display,
Within would we meet thee, on some future day.

C. E. E.



To a Bereaved Mother,

WHO SAID OF HER DECEASED INFANT, "DEAR LITTLE BIRD! HOW CAN I HAVE HIM BURIED?"

WHY mournest thou, my stricken friend,
God did not give, but only lend;
Thy *bird* so sweet hath flown away,
Grieve not to part from this dear clay.

Nor think thou of a little mound;
A climate pure, thy bird hath found,
Released from earth he soars away,
To regions of eternal day.

He mounts with pinions like a dove,
And warbles sweetly of God's love;
Sings his Redeemer's matchless grace,
Bestow'd upon a ruin'd race.

And doth he not your soul invite
To join with him, your voice unite
In praising Him who dwells above,
In singing of his matchless love?

For you may see in future day,
'Twas love that bore your bird away;
Submissive, wipe your tearful eyes,
Your bird's a bird of Paradise.

To the Children of my Niece,

(Mrs. M.),

WHO ESTABLISHED A LITTLE PAPER ENTITLED "THE OFFERING."

THIS "Offering!" oh how precious
In after life 'twill be;
No paper will excel it
In interest for thee.

No scenes will be enchanting
As those you now behold;
Your treasures are more precious
Than future ones of gold.

The walks you now are taking,
The landscape and the streams,
Will furnish you with future
Materials for dreams.

If when with doting parents
You sometimes feel a grief,
Their presence and their counsels
Are sure to bring relief.

These days you will remember,
Ye children, young and bright,
With heartfelt deep emotion,
And ever fresh delight.

Thus thinks your distant Auntie,
And wishes you success,
In making such an "Offering"
As all your lives shall bless.

Lines addressed to an Absent Nephew,

QUITE LATE IN AUTUMN.

QUITE near our humble gate are seen,
Two sentinels* in living green,
Embellish'd by a hand divine,
With scarlet velvet, rich and fine.

A modest virgin,† robed in white,
On either hand attracts the sight;—
So fair, so pure, so near his side,
She surely seems appropriate bride.

With choicest wardrobe well supplied,
Each day she throws a robe aside;
Each day adorns herself anew,
Adds rich perfume and diamonds too.

And near the portals of the door,
Are guests you've often seen before;
Old friends, that smile each day on me,
However dark the clouds may be.

When friends grow scarce, dear R., you see,
We then resort to imagery,—
A flow'r or tree may fill the place,
Where once was seen a welcome face.

---

* Dahlias. † Day Lily.

To my Aeolian Harp.

THY voice hath long been still'd,
Thy music long since fled,
Thy chords are all unstrung,
Thy notes are with the dead.

A youthful friend is here,
Old scenes revive apace;—
We think of bygone years
When thou wert in thy place.

Bring out the Harp again,
The faulty strings restore;
Æolus, tune thy voice
As thou hast tuned before.

Swell out thy pleasing notes,
Let's hear thy music sweet,
And though the breeze be cool,
Yet will we not retreat.

We would her heart should thrill,
With ecstasy untold;—
Canst thou make music still?
Or hast thou too grown old?

Speak out, speak out, and say,
Let 's hear thy voice once more;
Old Boreas, send a day
That will thy fame restore.

Such days as thou art wont
In this drear month to bring,
And then, tho' thou art old,
Thou canst not fail to sing.

BINGHAMTON, March, 1845.

To Mrs. A. E. B.

ON PRESENTING HER A SET OF FURS, FROM THE LADIES OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN SOCIETY OF BINGHAMTON.

DECEMBER 25, 1863.

WE feel that there is needed
Some "medium" to convey
Our earnest, heartfelt greetings,
Upon this festive day.
These furs long time have sported,
In stream, and vale, and dell,
But now they are deputed
The love of friends to tell;
And if but half their message,
They faithfully impart,
'Twill be an ample measure
To fill a single heart.
Not more than this, in person,
Our lips would dare to speak;—
Then please accept our *Token*,
For words themselves are weak.

Nellie's Bird.

A LITTLE maiden form'd a bird
Of cloth, and silk, and plush;
Of course it could not boast the song
Of robin, lark, or thrush.

Although without a voice, or throat,
Yet did it sweetly sing,
And ingenuity the note
That trill'd from head to wing.

A pretty duet then it gave,
To aid a Sabbath school,
And for the "Friendless" sung a tune:
Its measure then was full.

'Twas thus our bird without a throat
Perform'd his minstrelsy;
And thus may we perform our part,
In works of charity.

On the Burning of two Presbyterian Churches,

THE OLD AND NEW, IN ONE CONFLAGRATION,

MARCH 17, 1861.

OUR pleasant places, Lord, are waste;
Our temples burn'd with fire;
And, like a living offering,
The courts of our desire.

Not willingly this sacrifice
Was offer'd up to thee:
Those gates were pleasant to our eyes,
Those walls were sweet to see.

We own thy righteous judgment, Lord;
Submissively we bow,
Confessing both our sin and shame,
Our covenant-broken vow.

Our sacrifice thou wouldst not own,
Our offering didst despise;
Our pride, our *apathy*, our sloth,
Were impious in thine eyes.

Consume these sins as thou hast done
Our temples with the flame,
Nor let us seek to honor thee
With but an empty name.

Call forth our offerings and our tithes,
Let willing hearts abound;
Our walls shall be salvation then,
Our gates with praise be crown'd.

On Visiting an aged Christian Friend,

WHO HAD BECOME TOTALLY BLIND.

LORD of the day, and of the night,
Mysterious are thy ways—but right;
Yet, when we see thy saints distress'd,
Nature exclaims, Can *this* be best?

Thy handmaid long thy name hath borne;
Thy service chose, thy yoke hath worn;
And oft her heirship thou didst prove,
By various chast'nings of thy love.

And now with various ills oppress'd,
Thou addest more than all the rest;—
Thou causest "one long night" to reign,
To aggravate all other pain.

On beds of sickness, oft we say,
Oh, when will come the light of day!
The light of day, to her, comes not,
And all around is one dark blot.*

Lord, fill her heart with light divine,
And on her mental vision shine;
Give her the *eye of Faith*, to see
Blest visions in eternity.

If now thy providence appears
A mystery, in these *dark* years,
Celestial light will then reveal,
What now thy wisdom doth conceal.

* It was mournful indeed to hear her say, "It is all one long dark night."

The Disappointment.

TO E. A. M.

HOW many are the years
Since we, old friend, have met!
But ah, the days of old!
They're all remember'd yet.

Of those we both held dear,
What precious visions rise;
How few of them on earth,
How many in the skies.

Mid all the storms of life,
Strange that our barks should live!
How many stronger seem'd,
Than we who now survive.

And when we sail'd so near,
Our vessels hoped to meet;
That mine should be becalm'd,
Is source of deep regret.

Yet will I not despair
Of seeing thee once more,
Before we quit this sea,
For the eternal shore.

Home of my Sires.

HOME of my sires!—how dear art thou,
With mountain forest on thy brow,
And vale of living green.
Thy well-till'd fields—thy well-known trees—
No other grounds appear like these,
That e'er my eyes have seen.

Home of my sires!—how bright art thou,
With garlands round thee, even now,
That make thy face to shine:—
Not flowers alone, but fruit is found
Upon these fields,—their chosen ground;
This home, that once was mine.

Home of my sires!—their dwelling too,
Though aged, "'most as good as new,"
No shatter'd wreck I find;
And here their children's children share
A rich inheritance of pray'r,
Which they have left behind.

Home of my sires!—long mayst thou stand!—
The sweetest place in "Faderland"
Is this old home of mine;
And if I ne'er again behold
This scene of memories untold,
May blessings still be thine.

CHESTER, September 14, 1859.

1870. P. S.—Full oft these scenes of which I write,
Return again in dreams by night;
Oft I revisit, on my bed,
The landscape where I ne'er shall tread,
And wake to find another race
Already there to fill my place.

Passing Thoughts.

HOW priceless a gem is a beautiful thought,
Springing up from the mind, which no treasure hath bought.
Both precious and priceless—nor can be defined
The thrill it imparts to a sensitive mind.

Yet who that hath none welling up from the heart,
Bringing moments of gladness that quickly depart;
Then wherefore not seize them, and lengthen their stay,
To brighten our landscape on some darker day.

Let us fasten the vision, or never again
May it shine on our landscape, or honor our brain;
How priceless the harvest that falls to decay,
Trusting vainly to sunshine on some future day.

To Mr. and Mrs. R. Mather,

ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MARRIAGE.

THE morning sun is glorious,
That gilds the eastern sky,
But brighter oft the sunset glow,
That ravishes the eye.

The springtime flow'rs with joy we greet,
And welcome ev'ry leaf,
And summer garlands cheer our hearts,
Alas! they are so brief.

More precious then the later bloom,
Than all that pass'd before,
Like the dear friends now left behind,
Of many gone before.

The waving grain, how beautiful!
More rich the golden sheaf.
When time and frost have done their work,
How fine the autumn leaf.

Thus ev'ry season hath its charms,
And each deserves our praise,
Oh, may your golden eve be bless'd;—
Be these *your crowning days.*

C. E. E.

To the Memory of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

THE garlands thou hast woven for the tombs of friends,
How numerous;—and we would the Muses should
Embalm thine own with such as thou hast strewn,
With lavish hand, on graves of those thou lov'st,
For those *thou* lov'st were worthy of such tribute.
For though mine eye ne'er met thine own,
Or felt the gentle pressure of thy hand,
Yet from my childhood have I known thee,
And can remember well the trem'lous fluttering of thy wings
When first unfledged they ventured up to meet the public gaze.
Too young to trust to mine own estimate of worth,
With pleasure did I then record that of a parent,
Pronouncing thee, "*true poet.*" Long years have pass'd,
But never one that hath not proved
The truth of this decision. How oft our hearts have glow'd
With thoughts from thine;—how oft have sung
With music thou hast written, the inspiration
Of a gifted mind.
With thee we've wept, o'er "loss of aged parent,"
And with thee have "Past Meridian,"
Walking the western slope more cheerfully
For words of thine. The Muses miss thee now,
And we shall miss the muse.
We hope thou threw thy mantle back, that it may fall
Where it shall still yield warmth and shelter
To the tuneful "Nine."
Methinks thou now art listening to such songs
As earth hears not,—the songs of the redeem'd,
And thy full heart is satisfied,
Awaking in Christ's likeness.

The Pine-root Fence,

A SUMMER RAIMENT, CONTRASTED WITH ITS WINTER ROBE.

TO E. C. B.

DEAR friend of mine, those roots of pine
Have moved *my* heart with pleasure;
Those awkward arms for me have charms,
And call for homely measure.

I've clothed them too,—but not with snow,
For fancy wove the raiment;
With climbing flowers, I've cover'd bowers,
And wreaths composed the garment.

The colors are both rich and rare,
To call for our devotion;
Both pale and bright, scarlet and white,
To add to the emotion.

An Eglantine doth here entwine
That tall ungainly sleeper,
And roses fair smile everywhere;
Their neighbor is a creeper.

Clematis, too,—both white and blue,
Ungainly portions cover,
While here and there my trellis rare
By thorns is linked together.

Here ivies grow, creep round and through,
To fill the interstices,
And sweet perfume, from all this bloom,
Doth fill the air like spices.

Your robe so white, so fair and bright,
Must perish with the winter,
While *at my will*, each root *I* fill,
And cover ev'ry splinter.

And now between us both are seen
Raiment to suit the vision,—
Yours, winter's breath; *mine*, fancy's wreath:
Let each fulfil its mission.

In Memoriam of A. J. H.

Who Died in Beaufort, South Carolina, July, 1865, and was Interred in the Garden of a Friend.

FAR, far from home and country,
Thy duties led the way;
It was the call of country
That thou didst then obey;—
But as thy sphere was useful,
Not calling thee to strife,
We deem'd it almost peaceful,
Nor hazardous to life.
Not thinking that a climate
So fine for products rare,
Would prove the fatal weapon,
Thy life-strings would not spare.
The groves are gemm'd with Orange,
The air perfumed with Lime,
And lavish of her treasures
Is nature in that clime.
For all her Floral bounties
Thou hadst a practiced eye,
Nor thought amidst her beauties,
Thou wouldst be called to lie.
Yet there, within a garden
Of Carolina's flowers,
The hands of love have laid thee,
(E'en *there*, are friends of ours.)
To rest until the autumn,
Amid the rich perfume,

For like the Blessed Saviour,
A garden holds thy tomb.
Yet better than a garden,
And sweeter than the flowers,
"The places that have known us,"
The tear that friendship showers.
We would not therefore leave thee,
In distant land to rest,
But trust a tomb to find thee,
Beside thy kindred dust,
Where friends can gather round it,
And deck thy grave with flowers,
Such as thou once did cherish,
And twine about thy bowers.
When dwelling on thy virtues,
They count them all but dross,
Not resting on man's goodness,
But only on the "Cross."

The New Turkish Chair.

DEAR "Nina," to thy throne repair,
In honor of our new arm-chair,
As now it duly stands in state,
Waiting for thee to consecrate.
'Tis roomy, soft, and gay, and cosy,
Inviting idle, sick, or dozy.
With all due form we dedicate,
This august, pleasing, new inmate,

To Morpheus.

In honor of this late invention,
Of keeping subjects in detention,
We call thee Somnus, soothing name,
And pray thou wilt accept the same,—
That whosoe'er thy arm may keep,
May snugly sit, or sweetly sleep;
That nought of sorrow, sin, or pain,
May here intrude on heart or brain;
That none but worthy friends may use thee,
Nor any careless ones abuse thee,
But all thy rich and varied beauty
Be aids to friendship, love, and duty.

The Tin Wedding.

THE miners down in Cornwall
Still greater depths must go,
If ev'ry ten years' bridal
Their labor honors so.

If one were only present
To view the scene to-night,
His toil would be enliven'd
By an array so bright.

Still more, the cheerful faces,
Reflected in the tin,
Might straighten out the wrinkles,
By care and time wrought in.

To see the little faces
That glisten with delight,
Reflected in his metal,
That shines so pure and bright.

It might awake some Luther,*
And bring his mettle out,
To view these shining pieces,
And all that are about.

But if not one be present,
To catch from joy a spark,
We'll send him down a message,
To lighten up the dark.

---

* The father of Martin Luther was a miner, and his grandfather also.

We'll tell him that his labor
Is surely not in vain,
And say to him in kindness,
"Poor miner, don't complain.

"For ages after ages
Your ore, so pure and bright,
Hath added to man's comfort,
And now to his delight."

To my Nieces at the Seashore,

WHILE THE WRITER WAS AT SARATOGA.

NOT a word did my relatives "ax"
Of what people do at the Springs,
But yet, in the words of John Saxe,
I have told them of various things.

So now,—*what do they at the sea?*
What do healthy or feeble folk there?
Give their look,—how they act, who they be?
Inhaling the bracing sea air.

Have you doctor, and lawyer, and priest?
Have you fashion, and folly, and pride?
Do they 'bide with the people "down East,"
Where persons from Bangor reside?

Or do they *in harmony* dwell,
With religion as ready "make weight,
Now a dance, now a ride, now a play,
And pray'rs* to keep ev'ry thing straight.

Do you ride,—do you walk,—do you sail?
Find you friends that the heart can desire?
Avoid you strong waves, or a gale?
Require you a fan or a fire?

All these and as many more things,
Your "Aunties" would like well to know,
So tune up your musical strings
And give us a strain from *your bow.*

---

* Alluding to the daily prayer meeting in Saratoga.

The Irish Girl's Lament.

MY heart,—my heart is breaking!
'Tis all for love of thee,
Thou treasure of the ocean,
Thou jewel of the sea.

When waking, as the day dawns,
I deem these hills my own;
But oh! the sweet illusion,
Too quickly is it gone.

'Tis then my heart is breaking,
And all for love of thee,
Thou treasure of the ocean,
Thou jewel of the sea.

'Tis merry, merry Christmas!
Where are my kindred dear?
Of all our happy household,
But two of them are here.

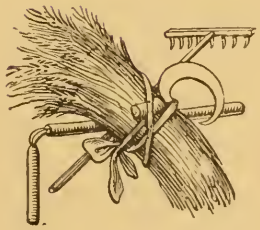
For thee, my heart is yearning,
Mother, it breaks for thee,
To think thou art so distant,
Across the mighty sea.

Thou, too, my aged father,
  Who oft the poor hath fed,
Perhaps thy crops are scanty,
  Perhaps thou lackest bread.*

My heart,—my heart is breaking!
  'Tis all for love of thee,
My parents, friends, and country
  All, all, beyond the sea.

---

* Written during the famine.



ON receiving a gift of a variety of wild flowers, in return for shrubbery, from a poor woman, who appreciated the beauties of nature.

Gratitude.

BENEATH my vine I've planted
Sweet wild flowers in my bed,
That yield the *rarest* fragrance
That blossoms ever shed.

Varied in form and color,
They all one perfume yield,
Imparted by the giver,
Who sought them in the field.

Ah! how shall I describe it,
So like an incense rare,
Uprising from an altar,
Embalming all the air.

"Such as she had" she offer'd,
They oft had cheer'd *her* way,
And these were kindly proffer'd
For those she took away.

Refreshing is the odor
They all so freely yield,
Sweet *Gratitude* the perfume
Brought with them from the field.

"Original."

BY MRS. R. M. C.

I AM sick of this world, I would fain be at rest,
For trouble, and care, ever dwell in this breast;
And if o'er my soul comes one moment of light,
'Tis succeeded by ages of darkness and night.
I am sick of this world, tho' 'tis lovely and fair,
Yet there's always some burden of trouble and care,
And sorrow comes often with shadowing wings,
And a dreary dark cloud o'er my spirit she flings.
Not one bright ray for days to my vision is given,
And I sigh, sigh, for rest, 'til my heart is near riven.
And those bitter tears fall to which sorrow gives birth,
And the sad wail will rise—I am weary of earth!
Would I had the wings of yon bird soaring high,
How quick from mortality's haunts would I fly;
For I rather would live in a desert alone,
Than dwell where this coldness turns warm hearts to stone.

APRIL, 1850.

Reply to the above.

ART thou weary of earth? Art thou sad and distress'd?
And longing for wings with the eagle to rest?
Thou art looking too low. Far above his abode
Seek for peace in the smile of a sin-pardoning God.

Look for light as it shines on the duties of life,
So varied and sweet,—daughter, mother, and wife;
Yet the ties e'en of love are attended with care.
Is thy heart overburden'd? The remedy's prayer.

Art thou weary of earth? Art thou longing for rest?
Then seek where 'tis found—in the land of the blest.
Look not with dismay on the troubles of life,
Be patient of care—daughter, mother, and wife.

We all have our griefs—yea, we all have our woes;
The body needs rest and the mind needs repose;
Yet no peace is like that which God's spirit imparts
To souls he renews, e'en to sanctified hearts.

Patience.

PATIENCE, patience, how we need thee,
From our childhood's earliest dew,
Ev'ry footstep of our pathway,
Till our pilgrimage is through.

Petty ills are mighty troubles
At the outset of our way,
Little griefs are *then* great trials,
Needing patience ev'ry day.

In the tide of youthful pleasure,
Bent on choosing their own path,
Doth not kind adviser ever
Stir the heart to guilty wrath?

If in after life thou standest
With thy chosen by thy side,
Olive plants about thy table,
What if patience is denied?

Or when passing singly onward,
Have we then no need of thee?
Bearing jests from ev'ry station,
Those of high and low degree.

Even now, on bed of illness,
Longing for my easy chair,
Feel I strong thy needed presence,
When 'tis wiser to be here.

Patience, patience, how we need thee,
From our childhood's earliest dew,
Ev'ry footstep of our pathway,
Till our pilgrimage is through.

The Deathless Tie.

THEY are not all forgotten
Who make the grave their bed;
A precious link still binds us,
The living to the dead.

Not even death doth sever
Fond mem'ry's golden thread;
True love doth perish never,
The living for the dead.

Sweet, precious recollections
Are woven round our heart,
And pensive, grave reflections,
Do form of life a part.

"Blest be the tie that binds us,"
The living to the dead;
A deathless link unites us,
'Tis mem'ry's golden thread.

And blest the fond emotion,
That forms this deathless tie,
With heartfelt, pure devotion,
Bless Love and Memory.

To Rev. W. D. and Wife.

ON THE DEATH OF THEIR INFANT DAUGHTER.

THE sov'reign smiled, whose royal guest
Presented her this court request,—
"With jewels feast our eyes."
"*Behold my children*," she replied,
"My dearest jewels, and my pride;
These are the gems I prize."

Thy jewel was precious, the casket was fair,
Thou deem'd it a treasure, watch'd o'er it with care;
An angel beheld thee—an angel of love.
Saith he, "Shall I take it, for *such* shine above;
Wherever the treasure the heart's sure to be,
Oh God! shall I draw them more nearly to thee?"

Commission'd, he pour'd out the vials of pain,
The process was tedious, but yet not in vain;
The casket was broken; the gem was set free,
A gem too resplendent for mortals to see;
He veil'd it, and took it to regions above,
He bore off thy treasure, but only in love.

The sweet "earthen vessel" alone then bewail,
Thy jewel is safe, though the setting was frail;
The mist that hung o'er it hath vanish'd away,
The dimness that grieved thee, reach'd only the clay;
Adorn'd with new lustre, let faith view it shine
With radiance reflected from glory divine.

To Mrs. M. Whiting,

ON HER EIGHTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

TO him who lengthens out thy days,
Our Ebenezer now we raise;
This day thy fourscore years and three
Are kindly number'd unto thee.

And still thy heart doth yet rejoice,
In pleasing sounds of human voice;
Thou still discern'st in daily food,
Between the evil and the good.

With eye undimm'd thou dost behold
The charms that nature doth unfold;
Thy trembling hands do yet fulfil
The daily projects of thy will.

Thy handmaid, Lord, would live to see
Columbia safe, *her people free.**
Oh, may our nation still be blest;
Lord, hear her prayer, grant her request.

Then will we praise thy holy name,
Thy cov'nant-keeping love proclaim;
To him who lengthens out our days,
Our Ebenezer will we raise.

---

* Written during our late war. Mrs. W. lived to rejoice in universal freedom, and died 1873, in the 93d year of her age.

To Rev. W. D. and Wife.

ON THE DEATH OF THEIR INFANT DAUGHTER.

THE sov'reign smiled, whose royal guest
Presented her this court request,—
"With jewels feast our eyes."
"*Behold my children*," she replied,
"My dearest jewels, and my pride;
These are the gems I prize."

Thy jewel was precious, the casket was fair,
Thou deem'd it a treasure, watch'd o'er it with care;
An angel beheld thee—an angel of love.
Saith he, "Shall I take it, for *such* shine above;
Wherever the treasure the heart's sure to be,
Oh God! shall I draw them more nearly to thee?"

Commission'd, he pour'd out the vials of pain,
The process was tedious, but yet not in vain;
The casket was broken; the gem was set free,
A gem too resplendent for mortals to see;
He veil'd it, and took it to regions above,
He bore off thy treasure, but only in love.

The sweet "earthen vessel" alone then bewail,
Thy jewel is safe, though the setting was frail;
The mist that hung o'er it hath vanish'd away,
The dimness that grieved thee, reach'd only the clay;
Adorn'd with new lustre, let faith view it shine
With radiance reflected from glory divine.

To Mrs. M. Whiting,

ON HER EIGHTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

TO him who lengthens out thy days,
Our Ebenezer now we raise;
This day thy fourscore years and three
Are kindly number'd unto thee.

And still thy heart doth yet rejoice,
In pleasing sounds of human voice;
Thou still discern'st in daily food,
Between the evil and the good.

With eye undimm'd thou dost behold
The charms that nature doth unfold;
Thy trembling hands do yet fulfil
The daily projects of thy will.

Thy handmaid, Lord, would live to see
Columbia safe, *her people free.**
Oh, may our nation still be blest;
Lord, hear her prayer, grant her request.

Then will we praise thy holy name,
Thy cov'nant-keeping love proclaim;
To him who lengthens out our days,
Our Ebenezer will we raise.

---

* Written during our late war. Mrs. W. lived to rejoice in universal freedom, and died 1873, in the 93d year of her age.

TO a returned Missionary from Africa, who remarked that *he heard* the music of birds on landing at the Cape. It having been said that in Africa, "the birds were without music, the flowers without perfume, and rivers without water."

Africa.

THE birds are without music,
The flowers no perfume yield,
The rivers without water,
On Afric's desert fields.

The herald of "good tidings"
Lands on the distant shore,—
He hears the voice of music;
The birds are mute no more.

The desert that hath blossom'd,
Will soon its perfume yield,
And rivers of "pure water"
Flow through each thirsty field.

Oh, hasten, blest Redeemer,
Roll on the happy day,
When pure shall be the incense,
Where only heathens stay.

Then deserts shall be vocal,
And flowers rich perfume yield,
The waters of Salvation
Bless ev'ry parched field.

My Last Resting-place.

WOULD friendship seek to know
The monument I'd have,
Would relatives bestow
Some tribute near my grave?
No tender fragile flower
Implant on such a spot;
No beauties of an hour,
Not e'en "Forget me not."
For 'though they promise fair,
And flourish for a day,
Neglect and want of care
Soon sweeps them all away.
Plant none but wild flowers there,
Or myrtle on my grave,
All tender shrubbery spare,—
This is the boon I crave.
Some *hardy* rose perchance
Might thrive beneath a tree,
Its beauty to enhance
And speak to thee of me.
But let no long rank grass
With tender flowers contend,—
A thriving tree will say
Clarissa had a friend.

TO a returned Missionary from Africa, who remarked that *he heard* the music of birds on landing at the Cape. It having been said that in Africa, "the birds were without music, the flowers without perfume, and rivers without water."

Africa.

THE birds are without music,
The flowers no perfume yield,
The rivers without water,
On Afric's desert fields.

The herald of "good tidings"
Lands on the distant shore,—
He hears the voice of music;
The birds are mute no more.

The desert that hath blossom'd,
Will soon its perfume yield,
And rivers of "pure water"
Flow through each thirsty field.

Oh, hasten, blest Redeemer,
Roll on the happy day,
When pure shall be the incense,
Where only heathens stay.

Then deserts shall be vocal,
And flowers rich perfume yield,
The waters of Salvation
Bless ev'ry parched field.

My Last Resting-place.

WOULD friendship seek to know
The monument I'd have,
Would relatives bestow
Some tribute near my grave?
No tender fragile flower
Implant on such a spot;
No beauties of an hour,
Not e'en "Forget me not."
For 'though they promise fair,
And flourish for a day,
Neglect and want of care
Soon sweeps them all away.
Plant none but wild flowers there,
Or myrtle on my grave,
All tender shrubbery spare,—
This is the boon I crave.
Some *hardy* rose perchance
Might thrive beneath a tree,
Its beauty to enhance
And speak to thee of me.
But let no long rank grass
With tender flowers contend,—
A thriving tree will say
Clarissa had a friend.

Our Spring Blossom.

(Minnie E., born April, 1854, Died September, 1864.)

AS on the sweetest, choicest flow'r
There falls some *secret* blight,
And dear and cherish'd favorites
Wither beyond our sight.
Thus our "Spring blossom" pass'd away,
Fading before our eyes,
So slowly wilting day by day,
That death was no surprise.
Was it not mercy order'd *thus*
The failure of our hope,
That flow'r so beautiful in bud
Would charm us when it ope?
Before the mysteries unreveal'd,
That make us mourners now,
That are by earthly fogs conceal'd,
Submissively we bow.
Our hearts are hush'd, our lips are dumb,
Because it is the Lord,
Our precious blossom was removed,
By his unerring word,
To bloom in brighter world than this,
Where sin mars all the soil:
Such blossoms thrive in Paradise,
With neither care or toil.

"The Iris."

"Good original poetry will be published, but none other."—*Notice to correspondents, by a new little daily paper, called "The Iris."*

THE Iris!—'tis a rainbow
With shades of ev'ry hue,
Yet is it too a flow'ret,
Requiring light and dew.

It hath a sacred corner,
Upon its silken leaf,
Where *only real poets*
May garner in a sheaf.

How light should be the footsteps
Near such a hallow'd place;
We scarcely dare approach it,
Not e'en a line to trace.

We look for golden specimens,
Fresh from *thy* glowing mint,
And watch with *daily* interest
To find them in thy print.

We look for things "original,"
For mental treasure there,
All clothed in richest harmony
By minstrels of the air.

Our Spring Blossom.

(Minnie E., born April, 1854, Died September, 1864.)

AS on the sweetest, choicest flow'r
There falls some *secret* blight,
And dear and cherish'd favorites
Wither beyond our sight.
Thus our "Spring blossom" pass'd away,
Fading before our eyes,
So slowly wilting day by day,
That death was no surprise.
Was it not mercy order'd *thus*
The failure of our hope,
That flow'r so beautiful in bud
Would charm us when it ope?
Before the mysteries unreveal'd,
That make us mourners now,
That are by earthly fogs conceal'd,
Submissively we bow.
Our hearts are hush'd, our lips are dumb,
Because it is the Lord,
Our precious blossom was removed,
By his unerring word,
To bloom in brighter world than this,
Where sin mars all the soil:
Such blossoms thrive in Paradise,
With neither care or toil.

"The Iris."

"Good original poetry will be published, but none other."—*Notice to correspondents, by a new little daily paper, called "The Iris."*

THE Iris!—'tis a rainbow
With shades of ev'ry hue,
Yet is it too a flow'ret,
Requiring light and dew.

It hath a sacred corner,
Upon its silken leaf,
Where *only real poets*
May garner in a sheaf.

How light should be the footsteps
Near such a hallow'd place;
We scarcely dare approach it,
Not e'en a line to trace.

We look for golden specimens,
Fresh from *thy* glowing mint,
And watch with *daily* interest
To find them in thy print.

We look for things "original,"
For mental treasure there,
All clothed in richest harmony
By minstrels of the air.

On receiving a few Plants,

FROM THE OLD "BUTLER PLACE," WETHERSFIELD, CONN., WHERE THE WRITER SPENT HER TENTH SUMMER.

ASSOCIATION'S magic train!
Who can describe? Who can explain
These trifling relics, that did grace
The garden of the "Butler Place?"
Recall the early, happy days,
Of childhood's pleasure, and its plays;
The spacious garden, fruit and flowers,
Where children pass'd the sunny hours.
Once more I tread each avenue,
Once more the ripen'd fruit I view;
I chase once more the dewy lawn,
At morning's early cheerful dawn.
The group that sought the "early tree"
Are with me, as they used to be,
When eagerly we sought the fruit,
With rivalry in the pursuit.
The object, which should win the prize,
So tempting to those sparkling eyes;
To find how freely Pomone,
Her lap had emptied from the tree;
A pleasant spot, when once 'twas found,
With greensward carpet on the ground.
If apples look'd so fair to Eve,
No wonder Satan could deceive,
Not these alone grew freely there,
But peaches too, and damsons fair,

While gages green, and cherries red,
And berries grew on ample bed.
Beside all these, abundant space
For things that did the table grace,
With borders, side the avenue,
Where many floral beauties grew.
Perchance all these may now be there,
But those then with me! where, oh where?
I've lost their fate,—the very trace,
Of each remember'd pleasant face;
Nor can I e'en pretend to say,
If any dwell on earth to-day.

On receiving a few Plants,

FROM THE OLD "BUTLER PLACE," WETHERSFIELD, CONN., WHERE THE WRITER SPENT HER TENTH SUMMER.

ASSOCIATION'S magic train!
Who can describe? Who can explain
These trifling relics, that did grace
The garden of the "Butler Place?"
Recall the early, happy days,
Of childhood's pleasure, and its plays;
The spacious garden, fruit and flowers,
Where children pass'd the sunny hours.
Once more I tread each avenue,
Once more the ripen'd fruit I view;
I chase once more the dewy lawn,
At morning's early cheerful dawn.
The group that sought the "early tree"
Are with me, as they used to be,
When eagerly we sought the fruit,
With rivalry in the pursuit.
The object, which should win the prize,
So tempting to those sparkling eyes;
To find how freely Pomone,
Her lap had emptied from the tree;
A pleasant spot, when once 'twas found,
With greensward carpet on the ground.
If apples look'd so fair to Eve,
No wonder Satan could deceive,
Not these alone grew freely there,
But peaches too, and damsons fair,

While gages green, and cherries red,
And berries grew on ample bed.
Beside all these, abundant space
For things that did the table grace,
With borders, side the avenue,
Where many floral beauties grew.
Perchance all these may now be there,
But those then with me! where, oh where?
I've lost their fate,—the very trace,
Of each remember'd pleasant face;
Nor can I e'en pretend to say,
If any dwell on earth to-day.

To Colonel and Mrs. Oliver Ely,

ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MARRIAGE.

A STRIPLING came with but his staff
To view these goodly lands,
And now he bears a Pilgrim's rod,
And hath become three bands.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

Whate'er on earth is precious
Is typified by gold;
Yea, e'en the very eras
That prove that we are old.

We have our golden harvests,
That surely seem to say,
There's nothing in perfection
Until it's had its day.

And when the King of nature
In glory doth depart,
Doth not the golden sunset
Quite ravish ev'ry heart?

For even hallow'd wedlock
Is sanctified by time;—
How rich the golden wedding!
All honor be to thine.

And then the days succeeding,
The remnant in life's glass,
Are they not sands of Ophir,
All precious to the last?

May each with wedding garment
Of righteousness complete,
Then reach the golden city,
And walk the golden street.

The Pansies.

TO M. I.

WITH the chill of the autumn, the snow and the frost,
All else but the Pansies are faded and lost:—
So rich are their colors, so varied each face,
I call them *my people*, and watch ev'ry grace.
Like them may you flourish in summer's bright hour,
Like them, fresh as ever, when autumn clouds lower,
Like them, when the winter is cheerless and drear,
Be shielded by mercy from danger and fear.

To Rev. P. L. and Lady,

ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MARRIAGE.

"At evening time it shall be light."

WHAT scene of beauty will compare
With the rich sunset ere 'tis night;
With glowing clouds, and azure rare,
"At evening time," how pure the light.

The glories that we then behold,
Bright tokens for the coming day,
Serenely grand, like molten gold,
Thus beaming sunsets pass away.

But richer is the Christian's eve,
With life more eminently bright,
The sun of righteousness doth give
"At eventide" a glorious light.

Thus may *your* sunset be illumed
And golden halos light *your* way,
Presaging, ere you reach the tomb,
The glories of Eternal day.

The Album.

WRITTEN AT A TIME WHEN AUTOGRAPH EXTRACTS FROM FRIENDS WERE THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

THE "Album!" What a source of joy
To ev'ry youthful mind;
Fill'd with delight, the heart resolves
Rich treasures now to find.

But who shall fill these pages o'er,
With gems of precious thought?
Who shall be ask'd to contribute?
From whence this tribute brought?

No room for silly scribbling here,
Much less for strangers place;
The int'rest that invests each page
Affords for them no space.

But first, and best, the precious names
Of kindred on thy page,
And dearer still is ev'ry line
If tremulous from age.

To teachers, friends, associates,
Give place within thy book;
On all these names with interest
Thou wilt in future look.

WRITTEN AFTER A LAPSE OF SEVERAL YEARS.

The Album! What a field for thought
When years have passed by;
When ev'ry name we look upon
Seems like a history.

Slowly we turn the pages o'er,
Each autograph to view,
Then visions rise of early days
And those we early knew.

Of many a name once truly dear
We quickly lose the trace;
Scatter'd throughout the world are some,
But more in death's embrace.

Then may this waymark of thy youth
Be justly dear to thee,
As quite unique, beside thy path
In future life 'twill be.

The Autumnal Bouquet.

"THE last rose of summer," long since pass'd away,
Yet still in my garden I seek a bouquet,
For beauty still lingers;—its relics are found
Where summer once lavish'd her garlands around.

But winter!—stern winter, his token hath sent,
And frosted our garlands and whiten'd our tent;—
The tints of the rainbow make gorgeous the grove,
Yet still in my garden there's something to love.

Like the remnants of friendship, which time still doth spare,
The fewer, the dearer, most truly they are,
For the friends of life's pathway I find round me still,
Who've borne of the autumn the blasts and the chill.

Many forms are enshrouded that once were held dear,
For the garland of Friendship claims many a tear;
In mem'ry's bright garden I wander around,
And glean a bouquet from its cold, frosted ground.

Our Garden.

AGAIN is it deck'd in its bright robes and fair,
Again doth its perfume float sweet on the air;
With pleasure I watch, as the petals unfold,
The bright scarlet Tulip, the bronze, and the gold.

Not its beauties alone make it dear to my heart,
There are deeper emotions these flow'rets impart;
For many have voices familiar to me,
And the form of the giver in many I see.

These roses in white, like a fair youthful bride,
Once dwelt in New England,—and many beside,
While the large luscious damask, the crimson, and red,
A sister bestow'd from her own garden bed.

These Tulips, so varied, were nurtured with care
By a brother beloved, who cultured the rare.
This Lichness,—these "Daffies,"—these Lilies so meek,
All, all are mementos, and all seem to speak.

And one who admired till her dim failing eye
The *glow* of thy colors *alone* could descry,
She comes not again her delight to express,
Her home to adorn and her children to bless.

Tho' the pulpit prove powerless to reach the dull ear,
The seasons have voices, which plainly I hear;
So fleeting, so fleeting, they each seem to say,
And the garden groups echo *more fleeting* than they.

The Trailing Arbutus.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER, MRS. M. W. B.

DEAR "Trailing Arbutus,"—thy welcome we sing,
As yearly we greet thee, on coming of spring:—
Not thy beauty alone, or thy sweetness endears,
But thy vivid reminder of past days and years.
I visit in fancy the place where 'twas found,
By the side of a stream, on the rich spongy ground,
Where I view'd with delight each fragrant bouquet
With which "Littlefields Castle"* was honor'd that day.
'Twas the home of our Pastor, where we gather'd each year
For a "Spinning Bee" festival:—now it seems queer.
Our mothers and sisters, all, all of them brought
An offering of friendship their own hands had wrought.
They took not their distaffs, nor carried their wheels,
But brought of the fabric that honor'd their reels.
The Fathers were welcom'd, and youth gather'd round,
And cheerful and joyous was that hallow'd ground.
The *art* of *presenting* was not studied then,
But a token was left, by plain, sensible men,
And dimes went as far in those good days of old
As dollars do now,—even though made of gold.
From mid-day to sunset the viands came in,
In baskets and hampers and vessels of tin;
Then the long, groaning table, with choice things was spread;
Cake seldom was finer, or butter, or bread,
And pies were admitted in those ancient days,
Intended to draw out the incense of praise.

---

* The name of the Pastor's dwelling.

And kind Mrs. Davis I almost can see,
So dignified over her pot of green tea.
While the festival never could seem quite complete,
Without the old lady we call'd "Granny" Leet.
And ere the young maidens to banquet were led,
A wreath of "Arbutus," adorn'd ev'ry head.
Without recollections of these days of old
The "Trailing Arbutus" I never behold.
Though most of the actors long since pass'd away,
This bright modest spring flow'r is there to this day,
Not its sweetness *alone*, or its beauty, endears,
But its vivid reminder of past days and years.

Merry Christmas.

DO poets like a common theme
On which to write, or muse, or dream?
Of Christmas, say you, prithee write;
And so have hundreds ere to night.

Each had its tribute of a song,
As they came passing swift along;
And what the wise man said,—how true,
That here on earth there's nothing new.

But as the seasons pass away,
New actors come their part to play;
And fresh and joyous are the throng
Who in life's morning pass along.

And "Merry Christmas" sounds as sweet
As when it first the ear did greet;
And "Santa Claus" is young as ever,
As droll, and generous, and clever.

Wide is his realm, more strong his sway,
Than when he first his plans did lay
To gain great credit and renown,
Without a farthing of his own.

But who is not an earnest friend
Of him who hath choice gifts to send?
Who doth not like each face to see
Light up with joy, or shine with glee.

His want of honor, and of truth,
Akin to tales oft told to youth,
Whose claims for credence are so weak,
They do not e'en their faith bespeak.

Petition of the Wax Flowers.

TO MRS. C. B. M.

WE thank thee, lovely lady,
For such an honor'd place;
We thank thee for the tablet rare
And for the gilded vase.
We thank thee for a mirror
Our beauties to reflect,
And owe a debt of gratitude,
And feel a great respect;
For thou didst form this lily fair,
And tinge this blushing rose,
And then arrange us all with care,
Our beauty to disclose.
See, here we have the dahlia,
Narcissus, orange, pea;
And then we look so natural
We'd almost cheat a bee.
And now, we would the leaflets
Thy skilful hands have form'd,
Should vie with amaranthine flowers;
Long be this place adorn'd.

Then wilt thou please to furnish us
With one more thing to please;
Our robes we'll keep in purity,
Our petals feel at ease.
For now we almost tremble
When fingers near us move;
The slightest dust's an enemy,
And silly flies that rove.
Then kindly, lady, grant us
The precious boon we ask,
That thou may never feel regret
Thou undertook this task.
We plead that to the city
Thou send for *crystal shade;*
Then will we keep our petals fair,
Nor any foe invade.

RESPONSE.

I hear thy song of gratitude, and all thy strains are very good;
But after summing up the case, what adds the "Minstrel of the Vase?"
"I'm in a pretty charming spot, and nought to please me's been forgot."
"Yet just *one thing*,—for *one thing more* I do most earnestly implore;"
Few are content with what they have, but many think of what they crave;
Show me the one who hath *no want*, and I the crystal boon will grant.

REPLY OF THE FLOWERS.

I see we've nothing to expect,
Yet still in pride we'll stand erect,
Contented with our present lot,
If thou wilt call us,—Touch me not.

Lines

WRITTEN BY J. H. C., A YOUNG LAWYER, WHO PASSED ON TO HIS EARLY FRIENDS IN A FEW YEARS.

'TIS just three years ago to-day
That we stood side by side,
Companion of my boyhood's hours,
The noble and long tried.
I think I hear his gay laugh now
That I so loved to hear,
And still that old familiar voice
Is ringing in my ear.

'Tis just two years ago to-day
Together we did stand,
Another friend of early youth
Of open heart and hand.
And many a gentle greeting passed
As merrily we met,
Without a single thought of care
Or feeling of regret.

Those early friends! Where are they now?
Hush! heard ye not a sigh
From those two fresh and new-made graves
That in the churchyard lie?
Both in one short and fatal year—
One little month they died,
And they are lying in that spot
Now buried side by side.

I gaze around me, but in vain;
No friendly face I see.
I call them; but no answering voice,
Alas! comes back to me.
I hear full many a merry shout,
And light tongue tripping fast.
I hear them; but I heed them not,—
My thoughts are with the past.

I'll love no more upon this earth!
'Tis mockery and worse,
To bury up the heart thus with
A cold and silent corpse.
I'll love no more, but steel my heart
To fond affection's call,
And, stifling thought, I'll try to dream
I never loved at all.

January 1, 1846.

Response to J. H. C.

FEW are the years that o'er thy head
Have quickly pass'd away;
Yet dost thou mourn companions dead,
In thy poetic lay?
Thy boyhood's friends, that oft did meet
To share thy glee and mirth,
Where are they now? A voice repeats,
Not 'habitants of earth.

A sigh thou heardst,—perhaps *thine own;*
The heaving of thy breast
Breathing,—sincerely I bemoan,
My heart is not at rest.
But couldst thou hear no answering voice
When thou didst make thy call?
Methinks thou must,—if not of choice,
Hear words that might appal.

Eternity! Eternity!
Echoes from 'neath the sod.
Time swiftly flies;—we soon shall meet,
Yea, at the bar of God.
Secure the only advocate
Thy future Judge will hear;
Commit thy cause, (before too late,)
To Him; then banish fear.

But say thou not, "I'll love no more,
I'll banish busy thought;"
But let thy fond affections soar,
And place them where thou ought.
Thus kindly speaks a stranger's voice,
Thy mother's early friend;
Oh make not vain pursuits your choice;
Seek bliss that ne'er shall end.

JANUARY 24, 1846.

On the Death of Abraham Lincoln,

APRIL, 1865.

THE nation triumph'd o'er its foes,
The flag *first lower'd*, then arose,
To mark the end of strife;
And on that joyous, peaceful day,
The man "raised up" returns to clay,
A martyr yields his life.

A nation's idol is laid low,
And songs of joy are turn'd to woe
Before a nation's grief.
With flags half mast, and tolling bells,
We sound the grief each true heart swells,
A tribute of relief.

With heads uncover'd would we stand,
Acknowledging the mighty hand
That shaped our country's weal;
That from the lowliest walks of life
Provided one to stem a strife
That made a nation reel.

Endowing him not with the grace
And charms that beautify our race,
But gifts of higher power—
Gifts that adorn where'er they're found,
On lofty or on lowly ground,
Nor perish with the hour.

We bless the surgeon's magic art
That saves the frail and mortal part
From power of swift decay;
But yet the talisman is gone,
The dull *marr'd* setting,—not the stone,—
Is now the precious clay.

This stone, more precious than before,
Embalm'd with tears, will change no more,
But shine in future page;
It is the nation's priceless gem,
More precious than the diadem
Of kings of former age.

Rich legacy bestow'd on thee,
Land of our love,—America,—
The traits that form'd the man.
Such an example to our youth,
Of honor, probity, and truth,
Through all his hist'ry ran.

Description of a Lithograph,

BY A GERMAN ARTIST.

IT represented a little child, in the dress of a pilgrim, walking slowly along a narrow path, bounded on either side by a terrific precipice, the edges of which were hidden from him by a luxuriant thicket of fruits and flowers.

Behind the child stood an angel with tall wings, fading upward into the evening sky. The palms of the angel were placed lightly on the shoulders of the little pilgrim, as if to retain him in the centre of the path; and the child having closed his eyes, that he might not see the tempting snares on either hand, was walking calmly onward, content not to know where he planted each step, so long as he felt the grasp of that gentle guidance upon him.

GUARDIAN angel, we are children
In this treacherous world of ours;
Blind us to its fascinations,
To the dangers hid by flow'rs.

Let thy hands press gently on us,—
Keep us in "the narrow way;"
We are headstrong, reckless, tempted,
Prone to wander ev'ry day.

Ah! how num'rous are our dangers!
More than one forbidden tree
Flowers the precipice, concealing
Fruits that lure our feet astray.

E'en our blessing may ensnare us—
Richest blessings,—reason,—health;
The most fruitful tree of evil,
Bears the golden fruit of wealth.

When prosperity advances,
And would drag us down a steep,—
In thine own pavilion hide us,
In thy secret chamber keep.

Bring us safely from retirement,
When the danger's overpast;
All thy providences scaling,
They shall work thy good at last.

Yet, how lengthy our petition,
Breathed we one for ev'ry snare:
Save from ev'ry hidden danger—
Let us ever be thy care.

Cov'nant angel, we are pilgrims,—
Snares beset on ev'ry side;
Let thy hands press ever on us,
Then our feet shall *never* slide.

The Coronation of Winter.

"When I saw nature had put on her most splendid robe, I went out to worship in her temple."—PROF. HITCHCOX, *Amherst.*

A CORONATION scene doth now
Deck winter's robe and leafless brow;
The man of science walks abroad
To magnify the works of God.
Creation deck'd in ev'ry hue
The wealth of diamonds brings to view.
What words can speak, what language show
The gems that on her garments glow?
What wonders do we now behold,—
Now emerald green, now glittering gold;
The topaz, beryl, sapphire blue,
With hyacinth of splendid hue.
Nor evanescent is the sight—
Day after day, night after night,
This crowning of the winter drear,
In richest glory doth appear.
The forest bears a noble part
In shaming all the works of art;
Each tree a splendid chandelier,
In gorgeous beauty doth appear,
And matchless is the glorious sight
When "Sol" crowns all with beams of light.
Enchantment covers e'en the ground,
The trees, the shrubs, and all around.

A practiced eye appreciates well
The glories of this matchless spell,
The varying atmosphere conspires
To satisfy man's vast desires.
Thou wouldst have Eastern monarchs there,
With all the jewels that they wear
On crowning or on gala day,
When they their costliest stones display,
To see how *matchless* is each gem
When God doth form a diadem.
Vain wish of thine,—forbear, forbear,—
It is enough that thou art there
To point the young, make age to see
The *hand* that decks each pearl-set tree.
And if we cannot share with them,
Oh may we see Jerusalem,
The city of the living God,
The temple of his blest abode.
There may our eyes with joy behold
The gates of pearl, the streets of gold—
Celestial glories—Oh how bright!
When God himself shall be the light.

On the Interment of the Remains of W. W.,

SON OF V. AND M. W.,

Which were brought from the South, and interred in the North Cemetery grounds in 1848, the first burial there.

FAR, far hast thou come, that thy kindred may shed
The tear of affection o'er thy lowly bed;
Yet alone, all alone in this wide, empty ground,
A place of repose have thy relics now found.
All alone art thou *now* in this field for the dead,
Not a friend lieth here by thy dark narrow bed.
Yet soon they will come
To thy cold silent home.

Not a mound save thine own o'er this broad, spacious ground,
But many will soon on its surface be found.
How fast will this "city of silence" increase!
How soon will the friends of thy childhood decease!
How soon will they come to lie down by thy side,
Though unwelcome the thought to the gay sons of pride.
Yet soon they will come
To thy cold silent home.

What a change will occur with each swift-gliding year,
As the Shepherds of souls bring their flocks to lie here,
As the marbles arise which so plainly reveal
The dread of oblivion that nature doth feel;
For Pastors and people may lie in this place,
All ages, all classes, of our dying race.
They will come, they will come
To this cold silent home.

The aged will come, like a ripe yellow shock;
Death in time finds us all—what a frail sinful stock!
Yet so noiseless and stealthy is often his tread,
As he numbers men singly to lie with the dead,
We look with surprise on the monuments found,
In a few passing years, in a sepulchral ground.
How fast will they come
To thy cold silent home.

In the vista of years, scarce a space may be found
Where now we behold but thy own single mound,
In the vista of years "Terror's King" here will reign
The absolute monarch of numbers of slain,
While the tablets we rear, will then only declare
The name and the age of the throngs that lie here.
A whole race soon will come
To thy long silent home.

But these dead all shall live, for the trumpet shall sound,
And the sleepers in Jesus shall first leave the ground,—
To "life everlasting" the saints will arise,
To mansions prepared by their God in the skies;
But with shame and contempt will despisers appear,
And long for the earth still to cover them here.
Not forever our home
In the cold silent home.

On Receiving a Photograph of our Grandfather

FROM A RELATIVE, TAKEN FROM A PROFILE.

SHADE of a profile! stored away
And all unknown until this day,
When I behold thee with these eyes
My heart is fill'd with strange surprise;
My pulses stop, I hold my breath,
As in the very room of death.
Is this a vision I behold,
Or prophet risen, as of old?

Shade of my grandsire! now I see
These *outlines* all resemble thee,
Marking the contour of a face
Not half a century can erase.
The Roman nose thus brought to view
Doth speak the image just and true;
The form, the air, the attitude,
All, all combine to make it good.

In viewing thee what visions rise
Of one long pass'd into the skies,
Whose mind was of no common mould,
But rich with wealth more choice than gold.
We knew him not as Pastor—Priest—
But when those labors all had ceased,
But still with form and head erect,
He won the tribute of respect.
'Neath the same roof dwelt son and sire,
And children played beside his fire.

Not for change merely or for mirth
We sought his cheerful, glowing hearth,
But often that he might explain
The puzzles of our childish brain.
We therefore sought him day by day—
He was our En'clopedia.

Science for him ne'er lost its charms,
Either in books, or flocks, or farms;
For even now I seem to see
His books, just as they used to be,
The ancient binding of the Greek
And Hebrew, which he read each week.
But nature's volume charm'd him too,
As nature's God he kept in view;
He cultured fruits, he cherish'd flowers—
They oft beguiled his leisure hours—
And "from the Hyssop in the wall"
To Cedars proud, he knew them all.

Our parents watch'd him night and day
To check the progress of decay,
And often slept with open door
That they might guard him all the more.
Once hearing at the midnight hour
His voice with more than usual power,
Listen'd, as oft, with filial care,
It was a "wrestling Jacob's" prayer
For blessings to the latest day
On all of his posterity.
Like Jacob he did wrestle well;
May we not hope he did prevail?

We stood beside and saw him die,
With finger placed on either eye,
And *conscious* shut this world from sight
As he was passing into light.
He trusted in his Saviour's cross
And counted all things else but dross.
He rested firmly on the Rock,
And death itself produced no shock.

Shade of my Grandsire, thou art dear,
These *outlines* bring old visions near—
Visions of childhood's sunny days,
Of childhood's home, and of its plays,
Visions of kindred now with thee,
Of time, and of Eternity.

On the Death of a Mother.

SPEAK!—was the shaft of anguish slight,
And soon dispell'd the painful gloom,
When sank your counselor and guide,
A tenant of the voiceless tomb?

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Yes, we will speak whose hearts overflow
With grief for her whose loss we mourn,
For bitter is our cup of woe
When age is from our circle borne.

'Though fourscore years had o'er her pass'd,
Warm was her heart and youthful too;
Attractive to the very last,
Her influence seem'd like evening dew.

'Tho' *dim* the eye and small the strength,
Yet cheerful her declining day;
Sudden her summons came at length,
And swift the spirit wing'd its way.

Can we restrain the falling tear?
Mother, there is no love like thine!
Do we not miss the partial ear,
That fain would hear each worthless line?

Do we not mourn thy vacant place
Beside the fire and altar too?
The empty chair she gave a grace,
The lonely bed death's arrow knew.

Do we not miss the hand that lean'd
Daily on us,—blessing us oft;
The face that with affection beam'd,
The voice of love, so sweet, so soft?

Do we not miss thee at the meal,
Where thou wert with us to the last?
Do we not mourn and deeply feel
Thy absence at the lone repast?

Ah yes! we miss, we mourn for thee
As though thou wert in all thy prime,—
As tho' thou couldst each object see,
Nor felt the ravages of time.

We mourn as other mourners do:—
  Time only made the tie more strong;
Blessing the providence, 'tis true,
  That spared thee to our home so long.

My Sables.

ADIEU, my sable robes, adieu,
  'Tis best perhaps to part;
And yet my love is strong for you,
  Thou clothest still my heart.

For still I mourn those loving friends
  That death hath snatch'd away;
And the mute charm thy influence lends
  Is next to sympathy.

And sympathy, how scarce it grows
  As relatives depart!
Fain would we ask our very robes
  To solace the sad heart.

BINGHAMTON, 1852.

To "the Count,"

WHO REMARKED THAT HIS WIFE HAD BEEN A PHANTOM.

STRANGER, thou art aged now,
And the "Almond" decks thy brow;
And as years should wisdom teach,
We would listen to thy speech.

Stranger, we have heard that thou
Hast "a phantom for a vrow."
Rudely would we not intrude
Into sacred solitude;
Yet permit us to inquire,
Doth she fill thy heart's desire?
With a phantom for a wife
Hast thou pass'd a happy life?
Not a word we seek to know
Why it is or hath been so;
Only, would you recommend
Such a partner to my friend?
Ent'ring on the stage of life,
Shall he seek a *real* wife;
Seek for bliss in unknown ties;
Stranger, what dost thou advise?
Have no hours of deep distress
Made *thee* feel *thy* loneliness,
Made thee feel it had been well
Hadst thou broke the magic spell?

Now methinks I hear thee say:
Trials meet us either way;
Love finds other kindred ties,
Which our hearts should not despise;
Less unequal is their lot,
Those who wed and those do not,
Than the world is prone to think—
Love hath many a precious link.

Where are worthy honor'd sons?
Where are daughters?—"polish'd stones"—
Trained as such are sure to be,
Much of happiness I see.

Were one sure to win a prize,
This were precious in *my* eyes;
But if discord, petty strife,
Jar the chords of wedded life,
Or a wayward, worthless heir
Fill the heart with grief and care,
Then, oh then I bless a life
With "a phantom" for a wife.

Little heeds it either way,
If we rightly spend our day,
If we make a portion sure
That shall evermore endure,
Where they neither woo nor wed,
But are angel souls instead.

The Cinnamon Rose.

AN APPEAL TO ONE WHO WAS EXTIRPATING THEM.

NOT the sweetest that grows
Is the cinnamon rose,
And many more graces display;
Yet by all 'tis admired
And all is desired,
Even this has a charm in its way.

When the season is fine,
Its stem, like a vine,
With beauty is cover'd all o'er;
But a fog or a rain
Will make it complain,
And nought can its colors restore.

Its robes are all marr'd,
While still 'tis debarr'd
A privilege others possess,
To fade and *to fall*,
In the earth find a pall,
And quietly sink to its rest.

Yet, few need less care,
And few will compare
In hardships with this that I sing;
While it marks the old spot
That might else be forgot,
And embellishes many a spring.

My friend sought to find
A spot fast entwined
In the wreath of his happiest days,
Where his feats when a child
Did his Grandsire beguile,
As he watch'd o'er his pranks and his plays.

Not a trace could he find,
The sheep and the hind
Were grazing the homestead all o'er;
One relic alone,
Like a talisman shone,—
The cinnamon rose of the door.

I, too, sought to trace
The site of the place
Where playmates went often with me,
Where the berry we sought
And the butterfly caught,
And call'd a kind lady to see.

There sat she alone
In her cheerless old home,
With a welcome for children that call,
With a basket to lend,
Or love to a friend,
Would make it so pleasant for all.

No friend could explain,
But I sought there in vain,
For the site of the house or the well,
And deep was the pain
Of oblivion's reign,
Till a cinnamon rose broke the spell.

Then prithee beware,
And such a one spare
(Although not the sweetest that grows),
To mark out the spot
Where once stood *our* cot;
Yea, spare *me* one cinnamon rose.

Ode to Winter.

OLD Winter, relent,
Thy day is far spent,
We long for thy reign to be o'er;—
Thy voice has been loud,
And thy mantle a shroud,—
Oh! hush it to silence once more.

Thou cam'st as a scourge,*
The sea toll'd a dirge,
With terror, thy march did we trace;
Destruction and death
Were enstamp'd on thy breath,
Thou seem'd like a foe to our race.

At times hast thou smiled,
And our fears all beguiled;
We thought thou wert passing away;
But no,—thou art here,
And seldom more drear
Has thy visage appear'd than to-day.

* On the first day of December, a terrible storm swept the coast, wrecking one of our finest steamships on Long Island Sound,—the ship's bell tolling all day long.

A hint from thy mouth
Sent the birds to the south,*
They hasten away on the wing;
Gentle tenants of air
No such rigors can bear,
They long for the zephyrs of spring.

One harbinger bird
In our garden was heard,
One blue-bird alone could we see;
The prospect so dark,
Like the bird of the ark,
He soon flutter'd back to his tree.

Yet for pleasure alone
We would not dethrone
Or shorten thy merciless reign;
But that nations be fed
Who famish for bread
And look for relief, but in vain.

Old Winter, relent,
Thy day is far spent,
We long for thy reign to be o'er;
We long for the spring
That will melody bring
And garlands to gladden our door.

March 27, 1847.

* Large flocks of birds were passing south throughout the day.

The Linnet and her Rival.

THY Linnet hath made music that has reach'd
To distant groves, and distant pulses moved;
The schoolboy's rudeness she could bear, when love
And tenderness did bind the broken wing;
Tho' ne'er to soar again, as she were wont,
Still could her spirit mount and swell in song,
And daily, as her grateful heart expanded,
Pour incense sweet into the drowsy ear,
Waking with gladsome sound a tardy dreamer.

Many the notes
She raised for his "especial benefit;"
And having often felt her gen'rous heart
Ravish'd with love of her kind benefactor,
She thought the bond reciprocal.
Fond, hapless bird and doting lover,
Thou couldst make melody, e'en with a broken wing,
When no voice but thine could fill the ear
Of him who won thy heart.

Alas for thee, a rival comes!
Thou hear'st his wondrous music, and thyself
A judge, could estimate such melody.
Then thou sought to measure skill, as ne'er before,
But failing in the strife, *thy heart-strings broke*,
And ne'er again was heard thy voice.

So have I seen the loving wife sing on
When the wing of pride was lopp'd—by care,
By sickness, or perchance by want;
Content, if but the ear she loved
Listen'd with pleasure.
But, Satan enter'd into Paradise,
And ears that ask'd no song but that of "Home,
Sweet Home," have listen'd to the notes
Of rival songster.
Then the voice of song is hush'd forever in the soul,
The effort all in vain another note to raise;
For broken is the fount that did contain
The soul of melody—the heart.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper proce
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

PreservationTechnologi
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVAT
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 597 189 2